

I'm Only Human

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Summary: Continuing after the end of HTTYD2 (Implying that Astrid and Hiccup were never romantically involved). Base: Jack Frost is a winter spirit only seen by dragons and, mysteriously, Hiccup.

Summary: Hiccup wakes up with the realization that Jack will never grow old. (R&R are appreciated)

I'm Only Human

Hiccup shot up in bed with a loud gasp, hands clutched over his heaving chest. His shoulders were shaking, wide eyes glazed with panic. He took a large breath to calm down, easing the tremble and the ache in his chest. Toothless looked up sleepily from where he was perched, eying Hiccup and crooning confusedly in his direction. Hiccup shook his head, still taking large, even breaths when the front door opened.

Jack strolled leisurely through the doorway, mouth pausing half open on a word. The look on Hiccup's face stopped him, the light hearted amusement falling from his pale features. Concern immediately filled his eyes, and he jumped across the room, landing lightly in a crouch in front of the viking and touching his forehead, sweat permeable under his fingertips. "Hey, what's wrong?" Hiccup shook himself, trying to give the other a reassuring smile as he pulled Jack's hand away, lacing their fingers and resting them on top of the blankets.

"Nothing, nothing, just a dream. I'm fine, c'mon, I'm hungry," Hiccup reassured, dragging Jack off the bed as he stood up and pulled him back towards the door. After a moment, the boy shrugged, hopping in front of the brunette and back through the door.

The viking paused in the doorway, watching Jack. It hadn't been just a dream, it was a statement of reality. Jack wasn't human; in fact most of the people in Berk couldn't see him, only the dragons and for some strange reason, Hiccup. Hiccup, who was very, very human. His heart clenched, and Toothless gave a low whine behind him, grabbing

Jack's attention again. His expression dropped.

"You're not okay," he said, coming back to Hiccup and touching his forehead to the brunette's, whose were downcast. "What is it?" he asked again, eyes searching as Hiccup mustered something to say.

It took a minute. "I, I just-" he sighed, looking up to meet Jack's gaze. "You're not. You can't be happy like this, Jack. I mean, you've been alive for three hundred plus years and I'm glad that I could finally give you someone to talk to, but." Hiccup shook his head, rushing through the last half to cut off the boy in question from denying his unhappiness. "You know I'll get older. I'll age, and I'll die, and I won't be here for you anymore, Jack. As bad as it was being alone for three hundred years, it will be worse after this." Green eyes searched blue ones, suddenly earnest.

The understanding had dawned on him, and now it was his turn to cast them down at the floor, mirroring the brunette's expression from before. Jack had been dutifully ignoring the fact in favor of devoting all his time and attention to Hiccup, enjoying the days together. Now it seemed to hit the viking like a rock, weighing him down by the chest under the water; only Jack was the rock. It was clear as day on his face.

Suddenly Hiccup was crashing into the other, Jack's arms reflexively coming up around him to catch them both and keep from falling. He looked past to see Hiccup dashing out of the room and somewhere off to the side, presumably out the front door. But even after the second it took to steady themselves, Hiccup didn't let go; he held fast to the cold body against his, a tremble in his shoulders that Jack could only feel. Heart aching, a resolve formed in his head as he dropped his cane and wrapped his arms tightly around Hiccup, whose head came up slightly in surprise.

"It doesn't matter," he said, voice firm.

Hiccup surged against him, hands shoving against his chest. "It does matter! You'll be alone again. At least before you didn't know what it's like," he argued passionately, eyes looking glassy. It was so much worse to live without something so important once you had a taste of it, once you knew what it was like. He couldn't bear that. Couldn't leave Jack alone, couldn't-

"Then show me!" Jack shouted, stunning him. "Show me it's worth it! That all this happiness is worth the pain that will come with having you ripped away from me! Make it something I won't regret, something I'll never be able to forget. Give me enough love to keep me going even when you're gone." He was quiet by the end, chest heaving under Hiccup's palms. His face was contorted in anguish, hands limp on the brunette's arms.

Something overcame Hiccup then. The realization of just how much it meant to Jack broke through his immobile state. His hands clutched the front of Jack's hoodie, dragging him forward by the material and smashing their lips together. Hands tightened on his arms, then slid all the way around his shoulders. Jack returned the kiss just as fiercely leading them back through the door until Hiccup fell back on his bed, metal peg grating across the wood floor, breaking the kiss. He followed him down, capturing his lips again and tightening his arms around him until Hiccup's torso was flush against his own.

Jack refused to let go until his lips were bruised from kissing and he was gasping for air against his relentlessness. He tucked his face against the brunette's neck, kissing the warm skin there. Hiccup stayed silent under him long after he'd gained control of his breathing, hands resting at the small of his back. Jack tightened his grip around him before letting go, sitting up and peering down at the viking, whose hands slipped down until they interlocked with colder ones.

After a while, Jack spoke. Quietly, like he had to even he wasn't sure the viking would believe him. "I won't leave, you know. Even after you're gone." The winter spirit looked sad again, gazing down at the boy. He didn't even have an excuse; what, to look after his kids? If he stayed with Jack, he'd never have kids, or a wife. It was sad that his dad wasn't around to worry about grandchildren, but his mom had finally come home; she had opened her mind to something Hiccup had forced the rest of the Vikings to, how would she react to this? What would he even tell her?

Hiccup sat up and kissed him, reaching a hand up to smooth the creases in his forehead. "You're making that face like you're thinking too much," he said, smiling up at him. Jack smiled back and shook his head. If Hiccup couldn't worry about his mortality, then he sure as hell wouldn't run with his tail between his legs in the face of judgement. Pecking him on the lips again, Jack stood up and pulled Hiccup along by the hand.

"C'mon, the day just started; we have things to do."

The fact that the Viking's leader was in a relationship with someone who was invisible, a man no less, was another problem for another day.

End  
file.